

Pavanne

Graham Nash

Pavanne, cold steel woman, Pavanne.
How do you love a woman?
With eyes as cold as the barrel of her gun,
Who's never missed her mark on anyone,
Pavanne, Pavanne, Pavanne.

Casino doors swing open, rich men raise their eyes they say "Who is this beauty?"
As elegant as ice, and later there's an accident, another charges d'affaires
Is lying in a pool of blood no witness anywhere.

And they say she was a hundred miles away.
The hotel porter saw her climb the stairs.
And the maid with trembling hands knows what to say.
When the judge says, "Are you sure?" "I'm sure?" she swears.

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At the presidential palace a thousand people saw
His excellency leave his car and never make the door.
The blood flow through his fingers as he clutches at the stain
And staggers like a drunken man lies twisted in the rain.

And they say she grew up well provided for.
Her mother used to keep her boys for sure.
And her father's close attentions led to talk.
She learned to stab her food with a silver fork.

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And they say she didn't do it for the money.
And they say she didn't do it for a man.
They say she did it for the pleasure.
The pleasure of the moment.

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How do you stop this woman?
When everyone is moving through a trance.
Like prisoners of some slow courtly dance.
Pavanne, Pavanne, Pavanne, Pavanne.